

Collect for Septuagesima Sunday, or the Third Sunday before Lent.

O Lord, we beseech thee favourably to hear the prayers of thy people; that we who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness, for the glory of thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

A thousand fears our peace molest,
And oft we sigh with woes oppress;
But Lord from thee we seek relief,
O hear our prayers and soothe our grief.

The fruits, the bitter fruits of sin,
We see without, and feel within,
And, though we smart beneath the rod,
We own the justice of our God.

Thy rod, which fools alone despise,
Is used to make thy children wise;
May we thy chastisements improve,
And see thine anger turned to love.

Thus let us, Lord, thy grace obtain,
And mercy over judgment reign;
Hence make our grateful hearts proclaim
The glory of thy sacred name.

Collect for Sexagesima Sunday, or the Second Sunday before Lent.

O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do; Mercifully grant that by thy power we may be defended against all adversity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Whenever, Lord, ourselves we view,
Convinc'd we are but dust,
In ought we can devise or do,
We dare not place our trust,

Our weakness and our fears are known
To thy discerning eye,

And whither, Lord, but to thy throne,
Can we for refuge fly?

Whatever ills our peace invade,
Or low'ring storms alarm,
O let thy mercy be display'd,
And guard us with thine arm.

Collect for Quinquagesima Sunday, or the Sunday next before Lent.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; Send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace, and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Grant this for thine only son Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

O God, thy word affords us light
To set our erring judgment right,
And shows—how void of worth will prove
Our brightest deeds—if void of love.

Tho' all our goods the poor should feed,
Except from *love* those alms proceed,
Whatever human praise they gain,
Thou wilt pronounce them false and vain.

Or if, through zeal, we should expire,
As martyrs firm, 'midst pangs of fire,
Worthless and vain that zeal would be,
Except it flow from love to Thee.

O! send thy spirit from above,
And through our hearts diffuse this love;
For this all virtues far outshines,
And all with peace in one combines.

Whoever lives, devoid of this,
Aspires in vain to heavenly bliss;
Though worldly honours crown his head,
In thy esteem, O God, he's dead.

O may we act, through life's short span,
From love to Thee,—and love to man;
And then to brighter scenes remove—
Where all is perfect peace and love.